

IN A CABARET

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Two schoolmates meet, not having seen each other since leaving college. The talk over old times is very amusing. Naturally, they talk over the good and bad points of other mates, although neither believed in "running down" their neighbors. While in college they had agreed never to marry without consulting the other, but time changes matters and they both fall in love with the same man. Nothing could bring discord to these two loyal friends—but—the man—makes a change, and, womanlike, they abuse each other with the tongue. It turns out that the man marries one of their despised mates, so nothing is left but to console each other by ridiculing the man's choice.

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New York

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IN A CABARET

A COMEDY CROSS-FIRE

By

HARRY L. NEWTON

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401

CHARACTERS.

MRS. CHESTER CHATTERBOX—A Young Widow.

MORTIMER SQUARE—A Man About Town.

SCENE—An interior in “two.” A cozy corner in a Cabaret. Small table and two chairs C.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—About twelve minutes.

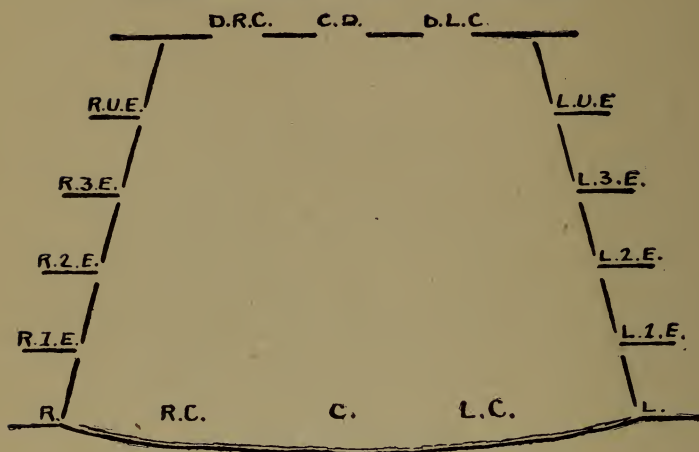
COSTUMES.

MRS. CHATTERBOX—Swell black and white evening gown.

MORTIMER—Full evening clothing.

NOTE.—*Songs may be introduced during action at option of performers.*

DIAGRAM OF STAGE.



AUDIENCE.

- L. 1 E.—Left first entrance.
 - R. 1 E.—Right first entrance.
 - L. U. E.—Left upper entrance.
 - C.—Centre of stage.
 - R. C.—Right centre of stage.
 - L. C.—Left centre of stage.
 - C. D.—Centre door.
 - D. R. C.—Door right centre.
 - D. L. C.—Door left centre.
-

IN A CABARET

A Comedy Cross-Fire

BY HARRY L. NEWTON.

(At rise enter MORTIMER from R. 2. E. and Mrs. CHATTERBOX from L. 2. E. They bow in formal manner, then sit.)

MORTIMER—I am pleased to meet you again.

Mrs. C.—Thanks.

MORTIMER—How are the children?

Mrs. C.—What children?

MORTIMER—Ours.

Mrs. C.—We never had any.

MORTIMER—Oh, I beg your pardon. Very stupid of me. I mistook you for somebody else. Are you drinking anything?

Mrs. C.—Yes, anything.

MORTIMER—Thanks. What trade are you following now?

MRS. C.—I'm a widow.

MORTIMER—How's business?

MRS. C.—Sir!

MORTIMER—Did your husband leave you much?

MRS. C.—Nearly.

MORTIMER—Nearly what?

MRS. C.—Nearly every night. . . . Whom are you working for now?

MORTIMER—Same people. A wife and three children.

MRS. C.—Strange. I didn't know you were married.

MORTIMER—I married a widow.

MRS. C.—So? Where did you meet her?

MORTIMER—I didn't meet her; she overtook me.

MRS. C.—Is she a blonde or brunette?

MORTIMER—I don't know. I'm a stranger around here myself.

MRS. C. (*Sighs*)—Ah, poor me! I might have been somebody, but I was left an orphan.

MORTIMER—That so? What did you do with it?

MRS. C.—Ah, I shall never forget my first proposal of marriage. He told me of his love and there was a ring of sincerity in his voice.

MORTIMER—Well, that ring should have been in his hand. You know a ring in the hand is worth a dozen in the voice.

MRS. C.—Oh, but you should have heard his pleading.

MORTIMER—Pleading? My goodness, did he have to plead for you?

MRS. C.—Why, certainly. What do you suppose he did?

MORTIMER—Why, I thought he just made a grab—that's all.

MRS. C.—Never, sir! He pleaded. . . . But I was deaf to his pleading.

MORTIMER—How deaf?

MRS. C.—Oh, very deaf. Then he showed me a diamond ring.

MORTIMER—I see. You were deaf but not stone deaf.

MRS. C.—Very bright of you, I'm sure.

MORTIMER—Yes; you see I'm a polished man.

MRS. C.—By the way, how tall should a girl be if her sweetheart is six feet tall?

MORTIMER—That's easy. She should be just tall enough to come up to his expectations.

MRS. C.—Splendid. You have an answer for everything. Did you ever hear me sing?

MORTIMER—Yes. Are you going to apologize?

MRS. C.—What for?

MORTIMER—For singing.

MRS. C.—You heard me sing last evening and you applauded.

MORTIMER—A man will do anything once.

MRS. C.—Do you think I sung with feeling?

MORTIMER—No. If you had any feeling you wouldn't sing.

MRS. C.—What's the matter? Don't you feel well?

MORTIMER—No.

MRS. C.—Do you drink water when you are eating?

MORTIMER—No, and I don't drink water when I am drinking.

MRS. C.—Why don't you settle down and work hard?

MORTIMER—I can't do hard work. I strained myself once.

MRS. C.—How?

MORTIMER—My father had a heavy mortgage on his farm and I tried to lift it. Are you going to re-marry?

MRS. C.—No. A good man is too hard to get. When I marry again I want a man who doesn't drink, smoke, gamble, flirt, stay out nights or swear, but at the same time I wouldn't object to his having a good time.

MORTIMER—Where?

MRS. C.—If you lost your wife would you marry again?

MORTIMER—No.

MRS. C.—Why not?

MORTIMER—Because I can't afford a 1913 wife on my 1903 salary.

MRS. C.—My Brother got married last week.

MORTIMER—Was that his wife I saw him with yesterday?

MRS. C.—Yes. He was very hard up when he married her.

MORTIMER—He must have been.

MRS. C.—According to your statement of a moment ago, you don't receive a very large salary per.

MORTIMER—My last year's expense book reminds me of a play I saw last week.

MRS. C.—Which one—"Ready Money"?

MORTIMER—No; "The Follies of 1913."

MRS. C.—That reminds me. I believe you were intoxicated last evening.

MORTIMER—Well, if I wasn't I spent four dollars for nothing.

MRS. C.—You had some difficulty with a lady guest, did you not?

MORTIMER—I believe I did. You mean the one with a coming-out gown?

MRS. C.—Yes.

MORTIMER—I stepped on it.

MRS. C.—Well?

MORTIMER—She came out.

MRS. C.—Do you believe it's a man's duty to hook his wife's gown in the back?

MORTIMER—A man who refuses to hook his wife's gown in the back is a patriot. A martyr is one who attempts and fails, while a hero tries and succeeds.

MRS. C.—Then what is a coward?

MORTIMER—Oh, a coward is a man who remains single, so he won't have to try.

MRS. C.—Very good. Did you say you were going to Atlantic City?

MORTIMER—Yes.

MRS. C.—For the week end?

MORTIMER—No; my stomach. . . My stomach has never been right since I boarded with your mother.

MRS. C.—My mother set an excellent table.

MORTIMER—That's all she did set that was excellent, the table.

MRS. C.—Didn't she give you scrambled eggs for breakfast?

MORTIMER—Sure she did. She used to put an egg on the table and the boarders would scramble to see who got it.

MRS. C.—Well, my mother used to keep her boarders long.

MORTIMER—Yes, long and thin. I remember the boarders used to go fishing so that we'd have something to eat. I'll never forget my last fishing trip.

MRS. C.—Did the fish bite?

MORTIMER—Did they? Say, I had to hide behind trees to keep them from biting me.

MRS. C.—Oh, go on.

MORTIMER—All right, I will. Anyhow that day I caught a big string of fish, and started home with them, and I met my wife.

MRS. C.—Your wife?

MORTIMER—My wife that was to be. I said to her, "Let's get married." and she said all right. So we went to the minister, my wife that was to be, the string of fish and me. I asked the minister how much he'd charge to make us one—

MRS. C.—Your wife that was to be, the string of fish and you?

MORTIMER—No, not the string of fish. My wife that was to be and me. The minister said he wanted four dollars. I told him I didn't have four dollars, but that I had a string of fish.

MRS. C.—And what did he say?

MORTIMER—He said he would marry us for the string of fish. I told him that I had caught the fish to eat, but that I would give the fish to him for marrying us. So he took the fish.

MRS. C.—Yes?

MORTIMER—And that's all, except that I've always been sorry that I didn't eat the fish.

—Finish with Song—

CURTAIN

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While the trapper is seeking his child his aged father dies at home, and the daughter afterwards returns to her father's cabin only to die on its threshold. For all this, vows the trapper, the other must die, but just as the much-wronged man is about to put his threat into execution, the younger, realizing that he is the son of the wrongdoer, declares himself just in time to save his life.

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Sketch by Frank Dumont.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

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Mrs. Silk, his wife, assuming disguises of tough girl, old maid and a gushing girly-girly typewriter... ..

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HARRY L. NEWTON

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Jack discovers Flora in his rooms and mistakes her for Tottie. Flora keeps up the deception and some very smart dialogue ensues.

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For a clever Irish comedian and leading woman Madame Blavatsky, fortune teller, has money disguises himself as Madame Blavatsky. The complications that follow must be read to be appreciated.

"Meet My Wife"

A Comedy Sketch, for two Males and one Female.

George Chamberlain, a hen-pecked husband, may not drink, smoke or have an opinion of his own without his wife's permission. With the arrival of a friend, Percy Hamilton, he enters into a plot to circumvent his wife and eventually becomes master in his own house.

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A Vaudeville Playlet in two scenes.

Dealing with the absurd adventures of Timothy McSorley, an Irish laborer, and Hi Grass, a regular rube, who, on learning of treasure buried by the notorious pirate, Captain Kidd, set out to find it.

This execratically funny playlet is in two scenes. It is one long scream from start to finish.

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Florence and Birdie Feathertop find themselves stranded. Timothy McDuff hears of their sad plight and spends his earnings to pay their way to the city.

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This monologue on the suffragette question is a scream from beginning to end. More ludicrous "patter" could not well be imagined. There is a dash of brilliant wit and humor that cannot fail to please.

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